

# *Reflections 1996*

A Literary Journal of Gardner-Webb University



# *Reflections*

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Cover Art

**untitled**

*Jodi Baughn*

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Special thanks to:

Susan Carlisle Bell, Director of Art Contest

Ted Vaughan, Director of Photography Contest

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## CONTENTS

untitled art	Jodi Baughn	Cover
Poetry Awards		ii
Art Awards		iii
Photography Awards		iii
untitled photograph	Amanda Williams	1
Living	Aubrey Moore	2
windows	Sabrina Hoffman	3
Victory	Cheryl Moose	3
Goodnight	Brandie Brandt	4
Water Velocity	Amy Parker	4
Hidden Emotions	Emily Johnson	5
The Bagger/The Cashier	Karen Brower	6
1941	Jason McIntosh	7
Lottie	Natalie Grace Beam	8
untitled photograph	Karen Brower	9
To the Heroes of Old	Marlene Wheeler	10
The Dream	Mandy Mooneyham	11
One to Grow On	Cheryl Moose	12
Young Artist at Work	Tiffany Fairecloth	13
Mindless Peace	Janet Marsh	14
the dog ate a bone	Mandy Mooneyham	15
May He Find Me...	Belinda Ayers	16
To Become God	Daniel E. Woolston	17
The Silence is Profound	Matthew Norman	18
Ocean Tides	Jason McIntosh	19
Motion Control	Karen Brower	20
Autumn	Nicole Hartis	21
Melting Pot	Karen Brower	22
Last Night When...	Jason McIntosh	23
My Last Visit	Amy Parker	24
Rule of Thirds	Heidi Gardner	25
If Only by My Acts	Robert Blair	26
untitled art	Susan Carlisle Bell	27
The Heaven's Gift	Jeremy Kerr	28
Beaches	Joyce Brown	29-30
To Kaye Gibbons	Les Brown	31
Waste Not	Gayle Bolt Price	32
At Times I Wonder Why	Derwin Green	33
High School Awards		34
Headlights Shined	Courtney Norris	35
Just about Me	Alisa Agosto	36
Half Past Three	Jackie Groves	37
The Art in Me	Robbie Freeman	Inside Back Cover

## Literary Awards

Each year, the English Department of Gardner-Webb University sponsors a poetry contest for undergraduate student submissions in conjunction with the publication of *Reflections*. All works are judged anonymously. This year's poetry judges were Professors Joyce Brown, June Hobbs, Janet Land, and Matt Theado.

## Poetry Awards

First Place:	Living	Aubrey Moore
Second Place:	Last night when it rained	Jason McIntosh
Third Place:	Autumn	Nicole Hartis

## Honorable Mention

The Bagger/The Cashier	Karen Brower
windows	Sabrina Hoffman
One to Grow On	Cheryl Moose

## Art Contest

This year, the Art Department has sponsored a contest for undergraduate student submissions. All works were judged anonymously. The art judges were Professor Susan Carlisle Bell and Nancy O'Dell Keim.

## Art Awards

First Place (tie):	untitled	Jodi Baughn
First Place (tie):	Hidden Emotions	Emily Johnson
Second Place:	Young Artist at Work	Tiffany Faircloth
Third Place:	The Art in Me	Robbie Freeman

## Photography Contest

This year, the Communications Department has sponsored a contest for undergraduate student submissions of photography. All photographs were judged anonymously. The photography judges were Professors Susan Carlisle Bell and Ted Vaughan.

## Photography Awards

First Place:	untitled	Amanda Williams
Second Place:	untitled	Karen Brower
Third Place:	Rule of Thirds	Heidi Gardner
Honorable Mention:	Motion Control	Karen Brower

## First Place Photograph



## Untitled Photograph

Amanda Williams

## Living

I love to sit and talk with you my friend  
In the profound silence  
Swinging beneath the gentle oak  
As the midnight sun shines above  
In the azure where answers are found.  
Each of us in our separate peace or torment  
Making silly rhymes of consequence  
And humming the songs of life.  
Reaching out in friendship found with so few  
Knowing that life is short but the living is long.  
Conflicting soft dreams with harsh reality  
Looking to the future  
Daring to release the past  
Harmonizing in silent and deafening tones  
The way it is  
    was  
    should be  
    could be  
    will never be

Words to live by

*Aubrey Moore*

## windows

windows  
looking in  
looking out  
red birds fly in serenity  
functions, digits create icons and chaos  
trickling brooks, fields covered with snow  
highways, internet, wp , microsoft  
man made windows vs. GOD made sights  
man made options and man made mistakes  
looking out  
looking in  
windows

*Sabrina Hoffman*

## Victory

Once upon  
A time a  
Dragon was  
Slain by a  
Lamb named:  
Emmanuel, Alpha, Omega,  
Messiah, King, Savior--  
Jesus whose blood will  
Justify  
Sanctify  
Cleanse  
Redeem  
Reconcile  
Forever

*Cheryl Moose*



## Goodnight

Sleep envelops  
Like a silent tomb.  
It murders sight, sound, smell,  
and thought.  
It surrounds its prey  
Waiting for the right time to pounce.  
Victims are dragged down  
Into a mindless bog.  
Only by sheer willpower  
Can they shake free  
Of its constricting grip.

*Brandie Brand*

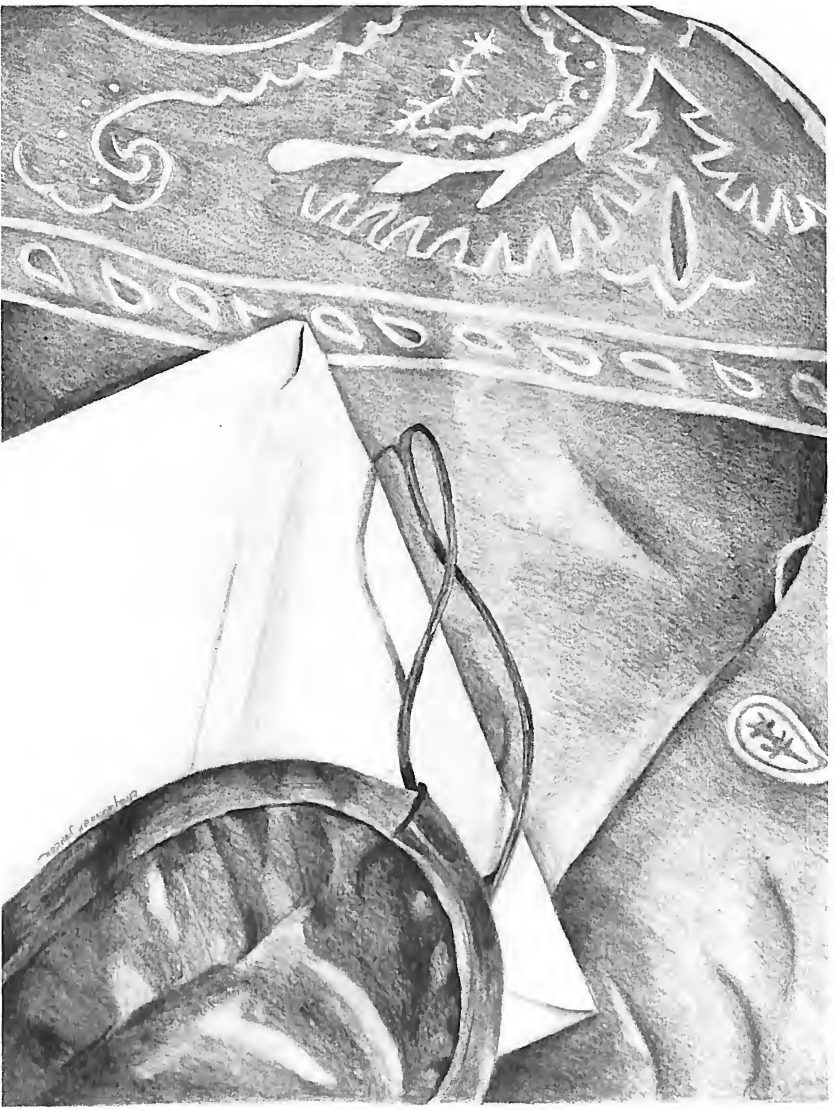
## Water Velocity

Collective moisture;  
shooting, plunging,  
tumbling, gaining,  
jetting forward.

Frozen crystals;  
twirling, floating,  
drifting, teetering,  
silently landing.

*Amy Parkert*

First Place Art



Hidden Emotions  
Emily Johnson

## The Bagger/The Cashier

I saw the bagger one hot, sultry day;  
But I simply smiled, too shy to say hey.  
I saw the bagger the next summer day;  
We said hello, and a spark passed my way.

I thought to myself, I won't see him past June;  
But I just kept on going, each afternoon.  
I thought to myself, I won't see him again;  
But each time I went, I was drawn back again.

August arrived, and distressed as I was.  
I saw not the bagger that entire month.  
Until once at school, when we passed in the hall;  
We stopped to say hey, and I thought, the world's small.

We started to talk, the bagger and I,  
And as we did, I saw a twinkle in his eye.  
We started to date, the bagger and I,  
And for quite some time, I had always a smile.

But then came a change, as fall turned to cold;  
The trees became barren, his care became old.  
Time drifted on; we drifted apart;  
I realized with him, he had taken my heart.

The promotion repeated itself in my head;  
"More work, less time," or so always he said.  
I knew then and there that he would not be here,  
My dear, sweet bagger had become a cashier.

Time drifted on, and winter turned to spring,  
An occasional "Hi" in the hall, how it stings.  
I'd see him with others, with those I knew not,  
I'd see him alone, as the weather grew hot.

One sweet afternoon, I saw the cashier,  
Told me he was sorry he'd brought me a tear.  
He asked me if he could then call me sometime,  
The feelings rushed back as I told him "That's fine."

Here I am again, so alone and confused,  
Feeling the same as I did back in June.  
I want to go back to his arms, this is true;  
But it's the bagger I want, the cashier - we're through.

*Karen Brower*

1941

leaves, once green, now red and yellow  
guided on the wings of wind  
ride over the cold and silent  
earth  
you with your gray hair and weakened  
limbs grow weary with the thought  
of another northern winter  
I think you have seen everything  
with your stoic eyes, you are wise  
in your spirit  
Your heart has wept more tears  
than a wandering generation  
I acquaint you with grief and  
sorrow and unconditional love  
in these faces of rejection  
When you are laid in the cold and silent  
earth  
your children will be as the red and  
yellow leaves guided on the wings  
of wind

*Jason McIntosh*

## Lottie

The woman in the picture  
Is haunting me again. .  
Her eyes, her all-seeing eyes,  
Follow me across the room,  
Holding me captive, forcing  
Me to think of her,  
Reminding  
Me of life's brevity.

Her portrait has watched me  
Since before I was born.  
In her round, young face I see Glimpses of my  
grandmother,  
And deeply hidden in her  
Mournful gaze,  
I see myself.

I want to free her  
From the frame that holds her,  
Give life back to there,  
Make her breathe, talk, laugh,  
Make her real.  
I want her to be more  
Than just  
The woman in the picture.

*Natalie Grace Beam*

## Second Place Photograph



**Untitled**  
Karen Brower

## To the Heros of Old

Where are you?  
Where have you gone?  
You left your name to carry on?  
Those who knew you, knew you well.  
Those who didn't, I can never tell.  
I wish I knew you.  
But my years are so few.  
Legends in your time,  
as rare as vintage wines.  
To taste the flavor of your tones,  
and experience the sadness of the moans.  
Some were brought to tears.  
While others brought back the years.  
Thank you, thank you so much!  
I love your music, your trumpets and such!  
Thank you for the memories.  
Keep playing the sweet melodies.  
Say hello to God, my Father and Savior!  
Play for the angels and the heavenly choir!

In memory of Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis  
Rest in Peace

*Marlene Wheeler*

## The Dream

The calmness of the darkness chokes me as I try to fall asleep  
One last glimpse at the moon tells me it is full  
Its light illuminates the surroundings around me  
I take one last look at the scenery before giving up the fight  
And falling asleep.

Suddenly, I feel hair upon my skin  
Rough, long hair growing from my pores  
The clothes which I wear are ripped off me  
Long, sharp teeth fill my mouth  
The longing taste for flesh overwhelms me  
In a desperate rage I rush out of my apartment window  
Upon the terrace, jumping many feet to the ground below  
With all the strength I have  
I run through the street in search for prey.

Suddenly a human is spotted in the distance  
In a matter of seconds I am upon the body  
Ripping the skin apart, tasting the young, fresh blood  
A scream echoes through the night  
I tear the tissues within the human  
Savoring the strong muscles within  
In only seconds I have torn the throat apart in a desperate surge  
Finally the human gives up the fight, and dies.  
My taste has been satisfied  
Leaving behind a mingled, unrecognizable corpse  
I wonder through the forest the stillness of the night around me  
A howl is heard, only to realize it is me

The sun's light awakens me from my dream  
Yet again I am in my bed  
Sweat pouring down my naked, hot body  
My ripped clothes lay beside me  
A deep sigh of relief as another nightmare is over  
And once again the mystery unsolved.

*Mandy Mooneyham*



## One To Grow On

Two years ago  
Her tiny frame  
Did not exist in this  
Enormous world.

But now she fits  
So perfectly  
That I don't remember  
Life without her.

I look into her  
Curious brown eyes  
Reflecting her innocence;  
They know no violence.

This little person is  
An explorer, scouting  
New grounds, and a tester,  
Trying fresh boundaries.

To her there are  
No hands on a clock  
Or numbers on  
A calendar;

She only knows  
Bedtime, feeding time,  
Daddy's home time, and  
Teddy bear tea time.

To her  
"l-m-n-o-p" is only  
One letter of the alphabet  
Instead of five,

And no matter what--  
If it's round, it's an apple  
If it's grey-headed, it's Papaw,  
If it's purple, it's a dinosaur.

I will always  
Want to walk  
In her shadow  
To keep her safe;

She will sometimes  
Want to walk  
In mine  
For my experience;

But as we walk,  
I hope I will remember  
To let her  
Also teach me.

*Cheryl Moose*

Second Place Art



Young Artist at Work  
Tiffany Faircloth

## Mindless Peace

The body lay across the bed,  
no longer fearing fear itself.

The husband glanced  
    -a lonely woman-  
He slowly shook his head and said,  
"Poor thing" and walked away from death.

His failing mind rejects reason.  
He turns and asks  
    "Has the dead one left?"

He feels the pain as others do  
but the memory fades in and out.

Her death is mentioned later; he,  
confused, defends his wife as living.

No pain he feels  
    -the hurt is gone-  
if only life could be so fair.

*Janet Marsh*

the dog ate a bone. a  
funny bone it was. the dog  
ate a bone and laughed  
and laughed. the  
dog ate a bone and  
ran home. the dog  
was my dog.he was,  
he was.the dog was  
big.he was strong.  
he never barked but  
bite he did.he liked  
to run. he played a  
lot. he like to eat  
especially bones.the  
dog ate a bone with  
one bite.the dog ate  
a bone. a big bone it  
was.the dog ate a bone.it hurt  
and hurt. the dog ate a bone.the  
bone was my bone.it was, was.

*Mandy Mooneyham*

## May He Find Me on My Knees

When days are never ending  
and friends have let me down.  
When the sea of life is stormy  
and I begin to drown.  
May He find me on my knees.

When the road of life becomes too long  
and any sign of hope is gone.  
When my time on the mountain is done  
and I fall into life's valleys.  
May He find me on my knees.

When I begin to go astray  
and try to do things my own way.  
When I realize that I alone  
do not have the strength to get things done.  
May He find me on my knees.

When I feel I can't go on  
I will stop and pray.  
I know that God will hear me  
and give me strength for that day.  
May He find me on my knees.

If anyone I know is sick  
or having trouble in their life;  
When those around me have a need  
and they are reaching out to me.  
May He find me on my knees.

No matter what the problems may be  
I know God is always there for me.  
I can go to Him in prayer;  
For I know He listens and He cares.  
May He find me on my knees.

And on that glorious day  
when Jesus returns to take me away.  
When He comes down from Heaven to call His children home.  
I will be ready in my heart and in my soul.  
May my life from all sin be free.

And may He find me on my knees.

*Belinda Ayers*

## To Become God

I trembled to think of the price that I'll pay  
if my wish comes true on this stormy day  
I push on, turn on, and wait for the light  
that brings life from the dead on a dark stormy  
night  
a flash! at last from out of the dark  
a moment, the wait, is that a small spark?  
the finger it moved I saw it contract  
the voltage increases, the body reacts  
its working! Keep working!  
there's no turning back!  
a flash! more light - even more power!  
I've become god in this dark stormy hour!  
the arms, the legs, oh god now the eyes  
his heart is now beating as life has arrived  
my life, my creation,  
it's alive, it's alive!

*Daniel E. Woolston*

## The Silence is Profound

Men lie on their backs, faces;  
Stretched out in sun that falls ever so gracefully  
Upon quiet souls  
The sky opens with brilliance, bragging about  
Its mighty vastness, its unknown mysteries,  
Laughing at comparisons to the sea.

Dust gently falls to where it came  
Covering bodies that will not go on, faded pictures,  
Of lover and child, letters of precocious plans  
Shiny rings that crows will come to take.

Boot prints in mud, red mud stained with  
The juice of life, the color of love, fire, rage.  
The last mark in life; as a grave in mud  
The burning of a cigarette continues beside the  
Hand that carried it, screaming hysterically in  
Laughter at the irony of death.

I pull myself up to the crest of a hill,  
Dragging my heavy feet over wild flowers  
Covering the soft white petals with the  
Red mud, straining to see an impossible sight  
A view of freedom.

The wind blows across the field  
I can see my heart, it beats so slowly  
My head it rests upon a hill, I see  
Spirits in the clouds, spirits dancing. . .  
And the silence is profound.

*Matthew Norman*

Ocean tides draw me to them  
The moon hangs in the heavens and admonishes  
me  
I have been away too long  
The sandpiper and horseshoe crab fear me, they do  
not remember me  
Waves draw me  
and I lay upon the cool night sand and listen.  
There are voices in the water  
alive, independent, uncontrolled.

I too lift my sad, prodigal voice.  
In unison we sing and I remember  
I am remembered  
Salt and sand taste in my mouth

Caress me O troubled sea  
for I too am disturbed  
Often have I longed for you, to feel the cool night  
sand  
Wet upon my warm skin

The seabirds, gull and pelican  
climb the dark sky and kiss the moonlit ocean  
I am forgiven, and lose regret  
This time too should not be forever

*Jason McIntosh*



Honorable Mention Photograph



**Motion Control**  
Karen Brower

## Autumn

Everywhere it is fall-red and gold  
Gracefully the leaves  
Spill onto the ground

Apple trees line the road  
While baskets full of apples  
Hide in the shadows

Barefoot children climb  
Among the high branches  
While others dangle from them

Daylight fades  
Apples are collected  
Little hands reach for a warming fire

*Nicole Hartis*

# Melting Pot

night and day  
two extreme opposites  
one dark, one light  
twelve hours apart yet they compromise  
dawn and dusk

food and drink  
somewhat opposite  
one dry, one wet  
spoonfuls and gulps apart  
yet they complement each other  
soup and milkshakes

life and death  
sometimes the same  
one vibrant, one bleak  
a lifetime apart  
yet as one begins  
so does the other

black and white  
more similar than you think  
one beautifully dark, one purely light  
spectra apart  
yet in the crayola box  
they make gray

why can't we just realize  
that life is a box of crayons  
full of vibrant, beautiful colors  
colors which never would have been possible  
without that daring someone  
who discovered  
(that yellow and blue make green  
and yellow and red make orange  
and blue and red make purple  
and yellow and blue and red make brown)  
that our lives are crayons  
the more they are blended together  
the more fulfilling colors they produce

*Karen Brower*

Last night when it rained on my window  
I slept with a heavy heart for some loss,  
it rained the sun away.  
In dreams of black discontent you were there,  
death was in your room and I could smell  
him lurking strange within the blackness that  
became your walls  
I heard pain overwhelming sadness  
and knew they had come to watch with me  
Cold like the window rain your skin  
was growing  
Under so many tears your face was hidden  
and I cried aloud for fear I could not remember  
you.  
Beating rain or heart, I wake to no rain.

*Jason McIntosh*

## My Last Visit: A Response to the Duke

I went to wrap it up,  
He asked me to come and sup.  
He talked of nothing till he jumped,  
And laid down a trump.  
He pulled a cord to show me  
His last wife, all before tea.  
I had heard tales.  
And in him, I saw it was true tales.  
He told of the cherries,  
And especially of the smiles that tarried.  
He was a jealous fool,  
He acted as if death was a common tool.  
I became quite frightened  
For my master's bright  
And beautiful daughter's spirit.  
To the duke, it was just a lyric.  
His past wife merely had good manners.  
But they sent her to the tanners.  
She made him rage,  
And twas made worse by her age.  
The poor child had no chance,  
Her life was brief as a dance.  
I couldn't wait to leave;  
To slip through this sieve.

*Amy Parker*

## Second Place Photograph



**Rule of Thirds**  
Heidi Gardner

## If Only By My Acts

If only by my acts alone I go,  
Refusing to my aid your hand of help;  
Then yeah to me this present life I know  
Be like the one possessed by those in Hell.  
As one who longs, who seeks to live by right.  
A boy that journeys off to serve the best;  
So to, alone, I sought to bring me light,  
And as result, alone, found living death.  
But as the one who watches o'er his son,  
And as the sun is promised to the night,  
You brought me close though far I had not gone;  
Restored in me, by grace, Your holy might.  
    Now by this gift, a lasting one, I'll share;  
    And place this life into Your hands of care.

*Robert Blair*

# The Heavens' Gift

Time stood still for a brief moment  
And all the beauty of the heavenly bodies was captured to form an  
Earthly one.

As the heavens had been set spinning  
So had she, adorned with reds and whites and browns.  
And deep within her eyes was placed all the  
Mystery and beauty and wonder that belongs to the majestic night  
sky.

And when this creation reached perfection, time continued.

Time stood still for a brief moment  
This time I met the daughter of the stars,  
The creation whose beauty rivals that of the sun  
slowly slipping above the eastern shores.

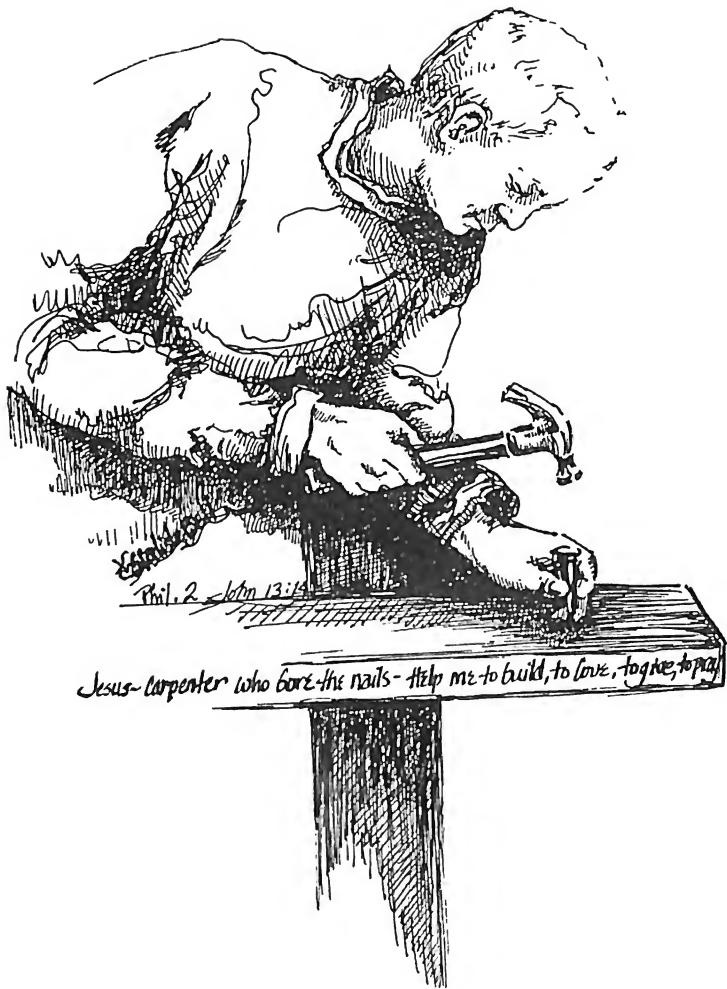
And when we had made our introductions, time continued.

Time stood still for a brief moment  
And all the thoughts my mind contained were immediately shaken  
As she pulled me close and answered my questions with a kiss.  
And as I was kissed by the very stars themselves,  
All memory of the world's existence vanished.  
And when I could walk again, time continued.

Time stood still for a brief moment  
And when she kissed me again, although more playful than the  
first,  
It had the same effect.  
And even though my mind was capable of functioning normally,  
My heart was filled with questions and it sought to understand  
motives  
And as I tossed my coat over my shoulder, time continued.

*Jeremy Kerr*





Untitled artwork  
Susan Carlisle Bell

## Beaches

Do not give me the beach  
of the long lank  
muscle-bound brown boy  
with bikini-pointed butt  
and leaky throb of tinny rock noise beads  
oozing an aura of sound  
propelling the jive walk display  
of well-oiled testosterone  
seeking to mingle in rhythm  
with smooth-bodied  
thong-donned estrogen.

Do not give me the beach  
of yesterday's beauties  
moving to yesterday's beat  
of yesterday's boys  
in shagging gelatinous undulation  
of slackard muscles and  
full-bodied attire  
bravely supporting pendulous boobs and  
folding bellies and  
hairy sworled navels  
of those seeking to move through time  
to the glories of taut-bodied splendor.

Give me the beach  
of squabby-legged couples holding hands  
as polyester jackets billow bright in the breeze and  
toes curl tentatively within the swirling froth  
and big and little fingers filter sand  
to feel the mole crabs squirm  
to the steady rhythm of  
yesterday's wave and  
that of today and  
that of tomorrow  
while circling gulls

whine eternally of the dearth  
of good rank crab meat and soda crackers  
and pale fat girls sprawl alone  
on ocean-soaked Mickey-Mouse towels  
and look to the glory of the blue-white cloud-fat sky  
Where waddling pelicans now  
soar in swooping order  
dipping to the sea  
in admiring undulation and ravenous need  
of the silver flash  
while in the sandy ocean mist  
pearly rainbow donax turn  
on shells' end to burrow  
from appetite's keen sight  
and ghost crabs  
pump white claws  
to the soothing tune of the sea  
while eyes pivot in bulbous wonder  
awaiting the appointed tide.

*Joyce Brown*

## To Kaye Gibbons

I will not give up my hell,  
For it is all I have.

A fragile soul, you yield your pain in prose  
That sweeps through the gilded Tivoli Hall.  
Your gift that is given to those who suffer  
Moves the witnesses to silence.  
You remove your heavy shroud layer by layer  
Until you stand naked before us  
Revealing every scar.  
A powerful small apparition, death  
Snatched away, you radiate a desolate beauty.

You abide the darkness of life  
Through lines gleaned from loneliness  
That touch your disciples.  
Is it that all beauty comes from agony,  
As an infant tears from its mother in birth,  
A gift from God?

A bold veneer of arrogant intellect  
Is reduced to child-like coveting  
Of your gift, but not of your pain.  
We rise and shower our accolades  
Wishing we could summon something more.  
Then, you drift away to suffer, to write,  
To live.

For this moment I will share your pain,  
Forever, I will receive your gift.

*Les Brown*

# Waste Not

Some people  
Are given  
The end of life  
All in a saucer  
Like milk  
So they can see  
How little  
Is left  
as Time  
Laps up each day  
With its rough, pink tongue.

Others  
Lose life  
Before they notice  
They have it,  
Never seeing or  
Hearing the  
Shadowy form  
Leap from the bushes,  
Grab it and  
Gulp it down  
Whole.

Still others  
Remain infants  
Suckling  
At life's breast  
With half-closed eyes,  
Indolently dreaming  
While half  
their nourishment  
Dribbles down  
Their careless  
Chins.

Stop!  
Pay attention!  
Quit  
Spilling  
Life  
And then crying.  
Everyone knows  
There's no point in  
Crying over  
Spilt  
Milk.

*Gayle Bolt Price*

## At Times I Wonder Why

At times I wonder why..  
Is there a height to the sky?  
Why must it look so blue?  
Why are races of different hues?

Could white be black  
And black be the other?  
Can one read too much  
Or not even bother?

At times I wonder why..  
Loved ones say goodbye  
I feel sad when I am low  
I feel glee when I am high

At times I wonder why..  
Things are just so  
Do we come when we leave?  
Do we follow when we go?

Could an A be an F?  
Could your right be your left?  
Can the world be at peace?  
Will our troubles ever cease?

At times I wonder why..  
There is a thing called love  
How can one achieve it?  
And where did it come from?

Say I find an answer  
Shall I not then search for proof?  
No harm in finding an answer--  
As long as it is the truth

*Derwin Green*

## Carolina Foothills High School Poets Awards

This year, *Reflections* accepted submissions of poetry from regional high school students. Having judged over 150 submissions, the *Reflections* staff is delighted to announce the following winners. Congratulations.

First Place: Headlights shined Courtney Norris  
Second Place: Just about Me Alisa Agosto  
Third Place: Half Past Three Jackie Groves

Headlights shined to the cafe  
like the dawn of morning.  
a colorful social  
in a fog of cigarette smoke  
(a somewhat familiar air to  
everywhere I go)  
an absurdity of hugs and insincere  
affection  
a bright aura of hypocrisy glowed with  
the neon "open" sign  
the reality of it all sang in a sweet melody  
of fortunes and truths--  
if they would have listened, they would have  
heard.  
Behind the eyelids of the strummer  
in a different place  
she sang "sweet heaven"

*Courtney Norris*  
Ashbrook High School  
Gastonia, North Carolina  
Mary Layton, Teacher



## Just about Me

I was a Thanksgiving gift for my parents;  
ironic how eight years later I would brawl with a turkey.  
I won.

I've seen the tears in my brother's eyes,  
and heard the shrill of fear in his voice.

My fault,

I could have been a nicer big sister.

I took my first rollercoaster ride down our basement stairs,

I was only eight years old.

The boys in elementary school like me;

I was the only girl that would play their games all the time.

I've seen a whale sleeping,

swam in the Cape,

and once was attacked by seaweed.

I've been a rebel

ever since I jumped in the shallow end.

I've been a friend,

and lost some too.

I once saw a rainbow;

there was no pot of gold.

We swung on a rope swing,

even though we were not allowed to;

the skinned knees gave us away.

Scared by the dark at one time,

later on from a speeding car--

they hit my side;

I had no pain, but the car did.

Strawberries are my favorite,

autumn days take second.

I killed to fish,

I have had eight.

My parents don't always see things my way.

But then their way's always wrong?

I have soared with the birds

while watching porpoise play below me.

Seen embarrassment,

took it with no tears.

I met a man,

although I wasn't sure who he was.

I have enjoyed many years of happiness;

hope they don't come to a short end.

*Alisa Agosto*

Riverside High School

Greer, South Carolina

Carolyn York Ramey, Teacher

## Half Past Three

Half past three, it's getting late.  
Things fly by and I have this funny feeling that tonight  
while the moon is full,  
and desires wail,  
My head isn't on straight.  
As my tea gets cold, I begin to wonder.  
Why? . . . the colors that swim behind my eyes, so blurred  
and mixed together like a dream that was thrown in a box  
and  
shook till it bled.  
Sleep beckons to me from some vast corner of my mind,  
I don't think much of it for five cups of tea have awakened  
my senses.  
As my cat beside me purrs,  
I look at my finished work and sigh.  
. . . the wonder of the tea that keeps me up  
and broadens my vision  
At half past three.

*Jackie Groves*  
RS Central High School  
Rutherfordton, North Carolina  
Jason Lineberger, Teacher



**The Art in Me**  
Robbie Freeman